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The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the R[illegible] of Gold

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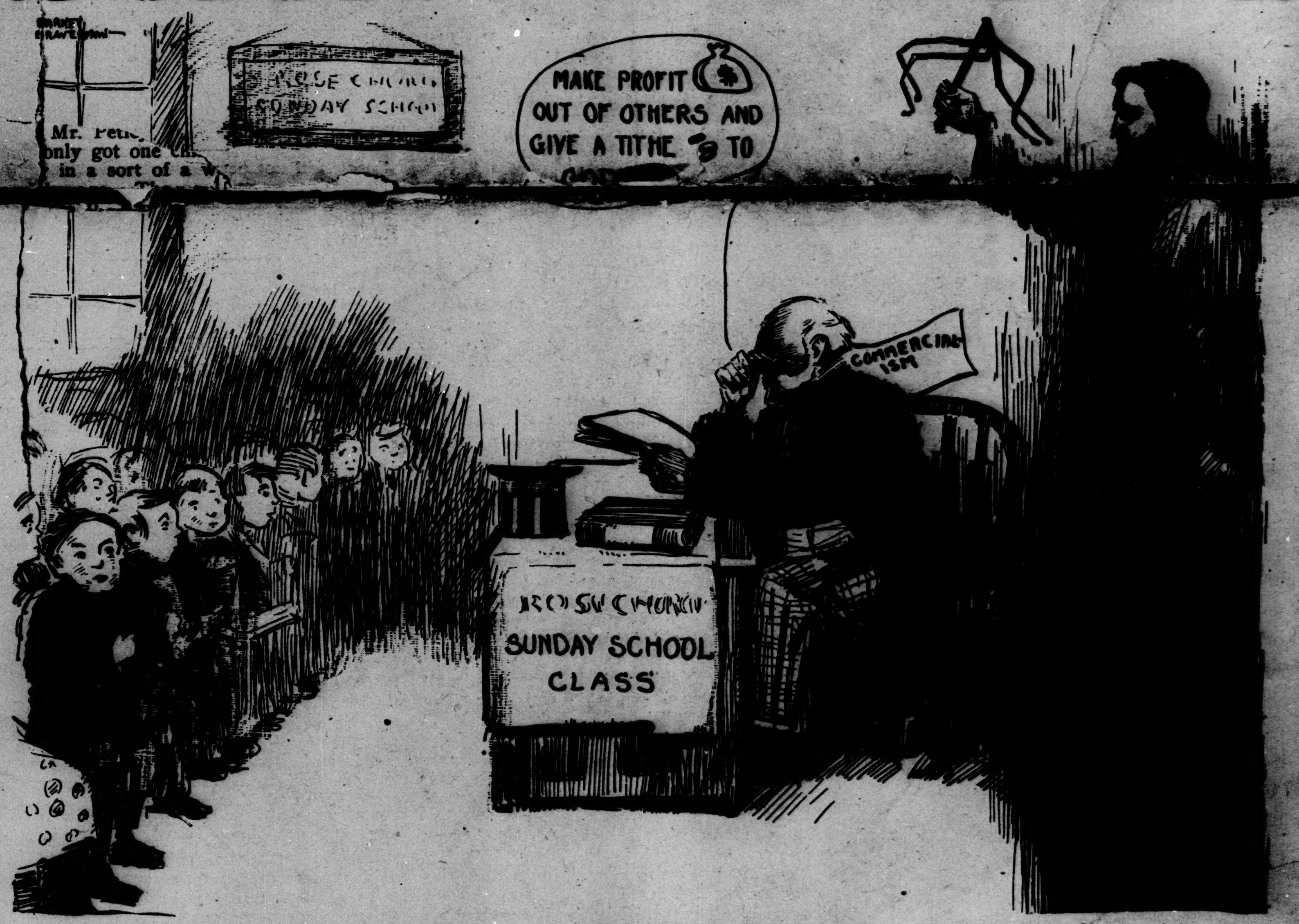
SHALL SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND MISSIONS BE PROSTITUTED TO THE DRAGON OF COMMERCIALISM?

Sinister Meaning of Recent Efforts to Enlist Pupils as Profit Makers in the Name of Christ Who Drove the Money Makers from the Temple

EDITORIAL


ROSE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL
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COMMERCIALISM
ROSE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

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YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

Last month we called attention to the instance of a Baltimore Sunday School which "loaned" a "nickel" to each of its pupils with which to speculate in some way to see how much each boy and girl might "make" with the five cents in a given time. The results of th[illegible]ently h[illegible]king effort were to be devoted to s[illegible] the workm[illegible]cause of Christ. The daily press s[illegible]hat John D. Rockefeller gave a penny each to several hundred children of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, to speculate upon in behalf of missions.

(A generous soul, that saint John Rockefeller, to lend the children a whole penny a piece! And great will be their chance to swell the proceeds of a penny in a few weeks! But we must remember that it was by "saving" the pennies—of other people—that John D. got rich. And, of course, any one and every one else may do likewise, if they are "frugal," "watchful" and "faithful!")

What concerns us is that there seems a general effort being made at this time to teach the children of the churches the unholy principle and evil art of profit-making in the name of Jesus, who abhorred it and uncompromisingly

(Continued one Page Four)

WO CRITICISMS

Of Editor CARR'S Article on the

"PARABLE of the TALENTS"

AND HIS REPLY

Many letters have come praising the position taken in the article on the "Parable of the Talents," printed in the Jan. 1st issue, and a few have come opposing it. Space will not permit printing all of them:

The issue of the **Christian Socialist** of Jan. 1, 1914, is the last straw that breaks the back of the Capitalistic and Mammonistic preacher. Nothing previously printed has the power this has. It is bound to cut its way through Mammonism. It will convert all honest preachers. **I am proud of such a paper and of the men and women behind it.**

Let us thank God and take courage, and keep spreading the good seed of the Kingdom.

Yours for life, or during the war,

(Signed) Wm. Higginbottom.

Long Felt Want Supplied

Your handling of Christ's "Parable of the Talents" in Jan. 1st number is something I have wanted for fifteen years.

J. E. Walbridge, Kirkwood, Mo.

Thinks More of the Saviour

I just finished reading Christ's "Parable of the Talents" in the **Christian Socialist**, and take this opportunity to let you know that I think it simply **GRAND**. The way you explain it is **inspiring and makes one think all the more of the Saviour** for the stand He took against **usury** and **fraud of every** description. I thank God that He caused you to write that article as I had often wanted to hear what you had to say about that. May God keep you and use you for His glory is my prayer. H. L. Flanagan, Atlanta, Ga.

Set Him Right

Concerning "Jesus and the Class Struggle" and Christ's "Parable of the Talents," Ernest C. Hunton of Washington, says: "These two issues simply cannot be excelled. I have been a Socialist for twelve years and out of harmony with the churches and as I thought, the teachings of Christ. These [illegible]

I think Comrade Carr's article on the Parable of the Talents, one of the most valuable and revolutionary things printed to place before teachers of Christianity.—Guy M. Doering, Colorado.

Adverse Comments

Two other adverse comments came, courteous and well written, one from a lady and one from a minister; but as they take the well-worn ground that the Parable of the Talents should have a spiritual rather than a practical application, and present no new views, we omit them in order to give space to the following:

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 9, 1914.

Editor Christian Socialist:

Your explanation of Christ's "Parable of the Talents" is bad in substance. In this parable there are no dollars and cents, as a man with your ability should have readily seen; and in my honest opinion, you have put yourself, if not kindly warned in time, to see the end soon for your further usefulness in helping the Kingdom of God become established among men, because your association with extremists, higher critics, and infidel literature drive you too often to extremes.

Our Lord's talents in Math. 25:14-30 means spiritual gifts (not greed) and it means the same as in Math. 13:10-12 and Mark 13:34-36. Math. 25 starts with ten virgins, their talents were small, just a lamp to find their way through darkness; but five of them very indifferent and careless in treatment of that little gift and they paid dearly for it in being eternally lost. And this parable fits right into the Parable of the Talents as you will discover from the twelfth verse down if you read carefully, and it is addressed to such people in particular who have certain spiritual gifts like these five foolish virgins but who missed heaven on account of their dreadful neglect and slothfulness.

I have four translations before me which are King James', Revised, Douay Version and a Lutheran Bible, and from the twelfth verse down all teach the same without italics; and in my opinion King James' translators in this case were the **most conscientious** of all in putting in the italics. Your awful arraignment of the Lord of the Parable will drive the chills through the bones and marrow of many people who have a mind to reason and a grain of true spirituality left, especially those who thought highly of you. If you will prayerfully read that chapter over again the 21st verse will explain it all to you; where the servant is called good and faithful and is then told to "enter into the joy of his Lord."

And now look at your other awful mistake in making a martyr, saint and a hero of that **balky servant** because he called our Lord a hard man, etc. Our Lord teaches us here what opinion the very wicked have of God and of those who are just and true. You know, my brother, that all outlaws and hardened criminals think the same of a just judge, and all dead beats who nowhere pay their bills have the same opinion of all honest storekeepers. See also John 8:48, 52 and 10:20. You will discover that the language in this Parable of the Talents goes down to the marrow of the very good and the very bad, because these men had far greater gifts than the virgins. Though the one had five and the other had twice as much as the wicked servant. Even with his one talent his gift was far greater than what the virgins had received. I kindly ask you in conclusion to compare the 30th verse with the 12th and 13th verses and you must come to the positive conclusion that both sentences are pronounced by the same Judge. And these two Parables in Math. 25:1-30 are spoken and recorded as a warning to us not to neglect or **misuse** those talents which concerns the Kingdom of God and our eternal salvation.

I consider you to be an honest man, hence my kind and honest criticism. I trust you will faithfully print these honest criticisms and thereby show that you welcome the honest opinion of others.

(Signed) CHRISTIAN BORCHERS,
612 N. Monroe St.

A Few Pointers in Reply

(1) The "talents" referred to in the Parable mean money and nothing else. If the principle of exploitation represented by the Parable were righteous, it might be used to illustrate spiritual matters in a direct manner; but as the principle of the Parable is wicked, unjust, Satanic, like the grasping "lord" of the Parable himself, the only way it could be used truth-[illegible] would be by contrast, as was stated in our former article.

The minister in Baltimore who tried to justify usury by this Parable; the Sunday School officials of Baltimore who used this Parable to urge the scheme of getting the children to make profit for Christ's cause by speculating with a nickel, and John D. Rockefeller who tried the same scheme with a "penny a piece" on the pupils at Cleveland, all understood that the talents mean money. So does every one who uses it to justify interest or profit. That it does mean money is self evident.

(2) "The joy of thy Lord," that is, sharing the larger opportunities for luxury, power, and gain of the chief capitalist, is the reward that every law-violating, grasping, hoggish magnate offers to the underlings that serve him profitably. It was not a spiritual, heavenly, righteous reward; but the earthly, mercenary reward of the selfishly ambitious agent who best (or worst) aided his master to exploit others. God does not reward, but promises to punish the selfishly ambitious, especially all exploiters, as was shown in the article on "The Mark of the Beast."

(3) The "balky servant" **was** the hero of the Parable and **the only one**. He honestly preserved and returned the money left in his care, and should have been rewarded for his care of it, as a man should be rewarded for preserving a house or any other valuable in the absence of its owner. His refusal to violate God's law and exploit his brother man by taking "increase" or "usury" (profit or interest) was noble; and his defiant criticism of his master for being a "hard," "austere" ungodly man was brave and commendable.

(4) Perhaps the three Parables in Math. 25 have a close relation to each other, though the other Gospels do not give them in such order. If so, let us suppose that the wise virgins had the oil of God's grace, or Christlikeness, in their lamps and the foolish ones had not. Then the Parable of the Talents represents the foolish people **who let the light of God's truth go out in their souls—seeking to l[illegible] up treasures** on earth, and thus serving mammon, **the light that was in them became darkness.**

And the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats shows how to keep the true light burning. Comrade E. K. Sheldon, who wrote commending our article, called attention to a significant thing which we had missed. After the Parable of the Talents was finished, showing the greed of the exploiter, the account of the next Parable in the Revised Version begins with the startling word of **contrast, "But."**

The greedy "lord" of the Talents said; Because the one-talent man refused to put the money out to usury, take away what he hath; "for to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." BUT, **in contrast to the bad principle and conduct of this greedy earth-lord; "BUT,** when the Son of Man shall come in His glory" * * * "Inasmuch as ye have done it (not taken from him, but given to him) unto one of the least of these My Brethren, (the needy ones, who have nothing) ye have done it unto Me * * * Come, ye blessed."

The Parable of the Talents shows how mammon rewards men for selfishness; the Parable of the Sheep and Goats shows how Christ rewards men for unselfish service toward the down-and-outs.

(5) The question is not chiefly one of criticism, higher or lower, nor of skilful exegesis. **It is a question of personal morality and of social justice.** The exploiter is immoral, and his deeds are an injury to the people. To attempt forcing the principles of this Parable upon the people as representing God's character and will only makes infidels of believers and atheists of outsiders. The "lord" of the Parable was an old skinflint, an unjust person, representing an unjust system; and if the Bible teaches that kind of a God (which it does not), brave, honest, intelligent, humanity-loving people will renounce both such a Bible and such a God. We repudiate such an interpretation for the glory of God and the good of man.

Space [illegible] of Pan-Am[illegible] according to the Go[illegible] fers to worship.

If you are desirous of having your neighbor increase his knowledge along lines that will make life real and earnest to him; then secure his subscription for the **Christian Socialist**.

ARE THE CHURCHES RECREANT?

Two thousand years ago a flower Divine closed its petals upon the cross at Calvary.

Did Jesus live and die in vain? Has the Kingdom of God been established on earth?

Our churches in city, village, and hamlet, are pointing their silent finger unto heaven. In our cities are proud temples of the living God, standing like beacons, in the vast ocean of commercial turmoil. They claim to speak as oracles of GOD.

Our churches should stand for righteousness, not sin; for liberty, not slavery; for love, not hate; for humanity, not mammon.

For the political and industrial evils of our age the churches are responsible, not by sins of commission, but of omission. Professing, like the prophet of old Israel, to hate iniquity, they do but little to smite it.

Religion is not merely a matter of prayer and praise, of bowed head and bent knee, of creeds and rituals.

Jesus said upon the Mount: Ye can not serve God and Mammon.

The golden rule is found both in the old and new Testament, but still we have the rule of gold, not the golden rule.

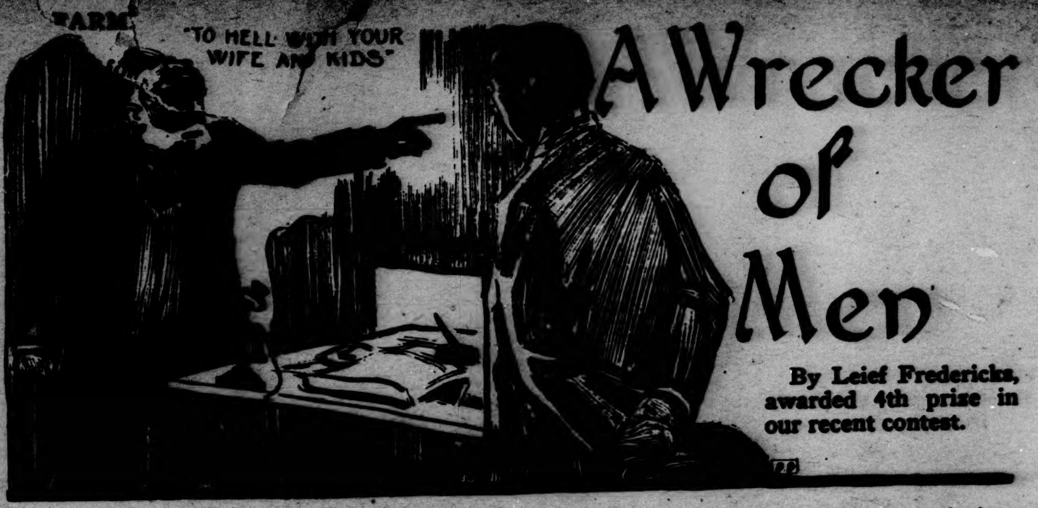
Mammon worship has corrupted the government of city, state, and nation; it has caused all wars, corrupted our public utilities, championed chattel and wage slavery, and maintains the saloon and the brothel.

The churches should attack the **system** of Mammonism, the profit system, which causes all these evils.

Perry Engle, M. D.

Newton, Iowa.

If you would correctly interpr[illegible] Bibles, then you should be a regular rea[illegible] **Socialist**. It makes plain the [illegible]


FARM
"TO HELL WITH YOUR WIFE AND KIDS"

A Wrecker of Men

By Leief Fredericks, awarded 4th prize in our recent contest.

Mr. Petley, manager and principal stockholder of The Petley Manufacturing Company, sat alone in his office.

There was a rap at the door, and on Mr. Petley's gruff invitation a man stepped into the room. He was a workman. Across his face the scar of acute suffering lay like a shadow. The manager eyed him savagely.

"I told you yesterday," he snapped, "that I wouldn't take you back. Why are you here again?"

"I must have something to do," said the man doggedly, "I've been all over the city. There's no opening anywhere—anywhere but here. I'm willing to——"

"To take reduced wages!" bellowed the manager. "Sure. You all are now. A week ago you wanted more. Why in hell did you strike? Eh?"

The man looked wearied. "I've told you that before," he answered. "We couldn't live on the wages you were paying. Most of the men have families and they were running behind nearly every month. The struggle to live—to live decently—had become unbearable, Mr. Petley, and that's why we struck. I've only got one child, and managed to get along in a sort of a w[illegible] up to a couple of months ago. Then my wife took sick and money went fast. She's sick yet, sicker than ever, so sick in fact that—that——" His voice choked, and he turned his head away to conceal his weakness. In a moment he continued: "My troubles are worrying her, too. I try to hide them from her but she's a woman and understands. She's got to have medical care, good food, and such things, and that takes money—lot's of it. I'm dead broke; I haven't got a cent. That's why I am here, Mr. Petley. I want a chance to make a living."

The manager sneered. "And now you're willing to take one seventy-five a day, eh?"

"Yes," said the man, brightening. "That isn't much, but it will help pay the bills. You'll take me back for that?"

But such was not Mr. Petley's intention. His face seemed to fairly radiate with ghoulish satisfaction as he realized how completely the men were at his mercy. He would now give them a lesson, one that they would remember, and he replied roughly:

"No! I told you yesterday that I wouldn't take you back, and I tell you so now. There's no use asking. Not one of you fellows is coming back."

"But I've got to get some work!" persisted the man. "I can't let my wife and baby die. It's not for me, it's for them I ask. They need [illegible], depend on me, on me alone. Consider them—not me. Surely there must be justice——"

"There is," interrupted the manager with a snarl, "for the just. You fellows didn't think much of justice when you walked out. You didn't care what became of the factory and the money we've invested here. You just considered your rights, your needs. The other fellow didn't count. Now that the strike failed you come begging to be put back to work, so that you may get another chance to strike, I suppose! Justice be damned!"

He turned to his desk and busied himself with some papers that lay scattered about. Apparently he had dismissed the workman. But the workman did not leave.

"Mr. Petley," he said quietly, though it was evident that he controlled himself only with great effort, "when we struck we struck because a raise in wages had become absolutely necessary. We didn't strike to hurt the factory. We knew that you could turn down our demands if you wanted to. We knew that you could close down the whole plant and still live, and live well. For us to be without work for any length of time meant want and suffering. But we thought by means of a strike to show you the misery of our condition, and so appeal to your sense of justice. We had figured the thing up pretty well, and knew that you could raise our wages far more than we asked and still make good interest on your investment. It didn't seem right to us that we should work ten hours a day for pay too small to live on decently when such was the case. These things had been brought to your attention several times before, but you had paid no attention to them. So all we could do if we would live and keep out of debt was to try to force a raise by striking. But I'm not here to discuss the strike. As you say, it failed. It's a thing of the past. I'm here asking for work, that's all. I'm here because of my wife and child. I'll take anything you've got."

Once more the manager faced the man.

"To hell with your wife and kid!" he shouted, "I'm responsible for no family but my own. I tell you, I won't take you back! Get out of here! I've had enough of you!"

Instinctively the worker's fingers closed, his muscles contracted, and a brawny fist rose menacingly in the air. Mr. Petley saw the tempest he had aroused and turned pale. But the man did not strike. He knew that to strike so influential a person as Mr. Petley would involve him in difficulties that would be disastrous to him and his. It took no little restraint to forbear the blow, but repression was a yoke to which society had long accustomed him.

"You dirty cur!" he said briefly, and left the room.

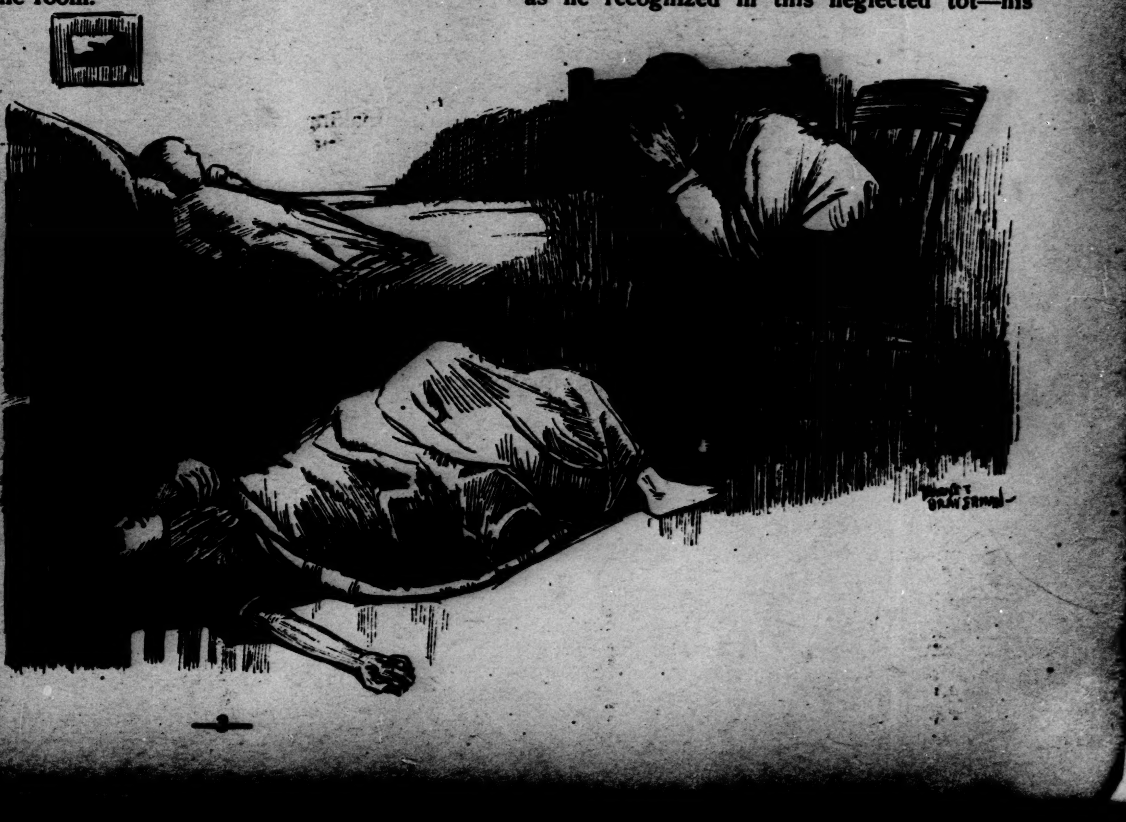
It was nearly dusk when finally, dejected and tired from many hours of profitless search for work, he approached the miserable hovel he called "home." Pushing the door gently open, he entered. About the room were three or four chairs, a table and two beds. On one of these lay a woman, and at her side, a child. They were his wife and baby. The woman slept—slept with the heavy, painful breathing of the sick. She was not beautiful perhaps, yet the soft, pity-laden look with which the man regarded her wasted features showed how fondly he loved her. To him, at least, she was beautiful. The child, who also had been sleeping, now raised one little foot into the air, rubbed its eyes lazily with two chubby little fists, opened its eyes wide, and then smiled to behold its father.

Afraid that the baby would disturb its mother, the man raised it to his breast, and, after fondling it a moment, placed it down in the other bed. Though hungry, he had no desire for food, and stretched himself wearily down by the side of the child, who, apparently, was still drowsy, for it lay quite still without murmuring and was soon asleep again. Occasional smiles played on the infant's face, and for a long time the man lay awake, wondering vaguely what dreams could move those delicate lips to such unconscious mirth. Then the weariness of mind and body overcame him, and he, too, slept.

And to him also came dreams. But how different were they from the dreams that blessed his child! For him no fairyland existed—no elfs, no nymphs, no goblins. The corroding struggle for life had robbed him of these long ago and now dull, sordid reality was with him even in his slumbers.

He dreamed that he was walking down the crowded street of a great city. Some distance ahead of him, on the edge of the walk, stood a woman dressed in rags. Though pleading for alms, she was obviously no professional mendicant, for as he came nearer he saw her head was bowed in humility. Being quite penniless himself, he was hurrying past in hope of escaping the pitiful appeal with which she now and then accosted the passers-by, when she suddenly raised her head, and—oh God, what agony seized him!—It was his wife! Moved by an uncontrollable terror he fled down that street like a man fleeing from [illegible] specter. She had not spoken a word, but that stare, that stare!

His fleet steps next brought him to the border of a desolate and sandy waste. It was dusk, and an intense silence brooded over all and added to his terror. But something urged him not to tarry, and he pressed forward. Soon there came to his ears the sound of low wailing, and lo! there in the heart of the desert sat a small child, weeping bitterly. Moved to compassion, he took the child in his arms to solace it. Raising its drooping head, the infant turned its tear-stained eyes upon him. Then what insufferable anguish clutched him as he recognized in this neglected tot—his



child! Motherless and alone, weeping in the desert! His! His!

The dream now changed. He was in a room, and before a desk in that room was another man, and the man sat with his back turned to him and paid no heed to his utterances. He was pleading. He went over to the man who sat at the desk and placed a hand on his shoulder and spoke earnestly. But the man brushed the hand away and rose to his feet. And his face revealed much of the brute as he pointed to the door, speaking hotly and rapidly the while. All that he said was not clearly recorded in that dream, but these words rang out above the rest: "To hell with your wife and kid! Get out of here!" But this time he did not go. Injustice and oppression had goaded him to the breaking point, and restraint snapped. He seized the man by the throat and choked him with a grip made terrible by labor. He was no longer a human being; he was a brute, brutalized by wrong and suffering. The man struggled feebly for a moment, gasped, and dropped to the floor, dead.

The worker awoke, and shuddered at the recollection of his dream. He raised one hand to wipe away the moisture that had gathered on his forehead. Even as he did so a dull indefinite fear came over him. His hand had been in contact with something soft and warm. Now thoroughly aroused, his mind traces his other hand. It, too, had been—nay, was even now!—in contact with something soft and warm. With what! Fool! It is his child. Why had he not thought of it before? How nervous he must be! Yet how still the baby lies, how quietly it breathes! He moves his head a little closer and listens intently. Breathes? Good God! It doesn't breathe at all! What can the matter be?

He removes his arm from beneath the baby's head and rises to the floor. On the table stand the lamp and a box of matches. His hand trembles and three matches lie smoking on the floor before the lamp is lit. He holds it close to the child's face and gazes, and gazes in vain, for any sign of life. Can it be that——? No, no! Not that, not that! He places his ear to its breast. There is no movement there. He speaks to it, he shakes it. Too late! too late! O horrible, horrible dream! It was not the manager's life he had crushed; it was the life of his own child!

From the spell of her heavy slumber, the woman is awakened by an agony-driven cry. For a moment she is not able to say whether the cry is real or merely an incident of her fancy. But presently her full senses return and she recognizes her husband's voice.

"My baby, my baby!" he is saying, "Why don't you look at me? Oh don't lie still like that! Speak to papa, speak to papa!"

But the baby does not—will never—speak, and the man's words dash back upon him as if they would strangle him.

The mother turns her head with difficulty and sees her husband bending over the motionless form of their child. His face is so distorted with pain that it is fearful to look at. Greatly alarmed, she whispers anxiously: "What is it, John, what is it? Is baby sick?"

The man is visibly startled. He has killed their child; he has robbed their home of its only light; he has blighted their lives irrevocably and forever! In her present condition, the truth would kill her, and he knows it. What shall he say? For a moment he remains in bewilderment and in silence; then he stammers brokenly: "O Agnes, Agnes!" and breaks into low sobbing and says no more.

But the mother must see, must hold her child. Already a horrible suspicion is hammering at her fever-tortured brain. She must see it, she must see it!

"Give me my baby, give me my baby!" she cries.

But the man only shakes his head dismally and sinks down upon the bed so that the child is hidden from its mother's eyes. He dares not, must not, let her see!

His efforts are futile. The doom of that house has been pronounced and he cannot avert it. There is that in his manner and in his expression which converts the woman's fears to positive conviction.

"He is dead!" she groans. "My baby is dead!"

She struggles to a sitting position in a frantic endeavor to reach her child, but the task is too great for her enfeebled body. Pathetically her frail form sways from side to side; she murmurs again and again: "He is dead, my baby is dead!" and falls back, motionless upon the pillow. The lamp, which had been burning low, flickers and goes out.

And even at that hour, while a stricken father sits staring into the dark, bowed down with sorrows greater than God ever intended man to bear, Mr. Petley, by the grace of society an honored and respected man, is whisked through the streets from a fashionable club to one of the most pretentious mansions that face on Croesus boulevard.

SHALL SUNDAY SCHOOLS BE PROSTITUTED?

(Continued from Page One)

condemned it in harmony with the great prophets before Him. But our enterprising modern teachers of religion appear to be trying to change the prophets into **profits!**

And, mark you, this polluted method of raising money for missions bears no resemblance to the old-fashioned plan of setting a hen or planting an acre of potatoes whose proceeds should go to the missionary fund. The old method was honest,—it was really productive by labor and care,—it robbed nobody else. But the new method introduces the speculative profit-making element; **and the profit always comes off of some one else.** When one profits in a deal, the other loses,—unless they both profit off some third party who must suffer loss in proportion to the profit of the other two; as the working class now must lose the profit made by both merchant and banker, besides much that neither gets on account of the insane wastefulness of the capitalist system.

Nothing more blasphemous, nothing more contrary to the teachings of the Bible could well be imagined than this deliberate attempt to place the "mark of the beast" upon the children, of whom Jesus said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And we solemnly protest against this wicked effort to prostitute Christ's cause and miseducate the children In His Name.

There is a sign of hope in this dreadful matter, however; for when the monstrous liquor business found its citadel attacked in a manner to alarm its profit-making defenders, they began to poison candy with intoxicants and try other nefarious methods of developing an appetite for drink among the young. Their deed was vile beyond expression, but the fact that they were pressed to such extremes to keep up the ruinous traffic gave encouragement to the foes of liquor, **and a new weapon with which to fight.**

So the recent attempts of capitalistic-minded men to debauch the children of the church by false teachings concerning Christ's attitude toward profit-making, while abominable in character and wholly anti-Christ, are proofs that the enemy of mankind, Satan, the dragon of commercialism, is alarmed lest the growing Socialist movement convert the church; **Therefore, the appetite for speculation, for making profit out of other folks by means of money, is being cultivated in the children of the church by poisonous teaching.**

And it must not be allowed to escape notice that these nefarious practices urged upon the children, are defended and enforced in each instance by the false interpretation of the Parable of the Talents currently presented in the churches. Therefore our article upon that subject was timely and sorely needed. Every Sunday school superintendent and teacher and every minister in America should be presented with a copy of that article to prevent their poisoning the minds of the children with the Satanic idea that it is proper to speculate and make profit out of other people.

We have been accused of making the one-talent man a hero for refusing to attempt profit-making with the money left in his care. We admit the fact, yet plead "not guilty"; for he **was** the hero, and **the only hero** of Christ's parable. He refused to violate God's law and human justice by trying to make profit out of others; he honestly kept and returned the money left in his care, for which he should have been praised and rewarded; and he dared to condemn the "hard," "austere," and unjust system whereby his master—the capitalist—made his money out of other folks. And our view of this matter finds approval by high authority among modern economists.

Of course Karl Marx and the whole vast school of Socialist economists may be arrayed **en masse** in favor of our position; and they, as Prof. Albion Small declares, are permeating all economic schools with their teaching, and transforming scholarly thought upon the subject.

Prof. Small himself says: *"**The world never possessed an absolutely infallible automatic consumer of human rights until it invented capitalism.**"

Again, to the question of whether capital itself is productive, Dr. Small says:** "Strip away from capital everything that is the spontaneous working of nature on the one hand, or the exertion of human energy on the other, and **capital no more produces anything than the pyramids or the meridians.**" . . "Take a bar of bullion in a bank vault, for instance. It might lie there forever without adding a millionth part to itself. Nevertheless capitalism permits that bullion to be in Chicago while the man who owns it lives in Europe, yet the owner may collect a percentage of value (interest) every year, and pass on to his descendants the privilege of continuing the collection, till they have used up its equivalent over and over again; but the original claim to the bullion is as good as ever. **This scheme has all the other con games beat to a frazzle. The only producers of wealth are nature and labor.**" And when one takes pains to understand what Dr. Small means by "labor," it is easy to see that he means the labor of production, not the effort to get hold of another's product by some speculative scheme. He strikingly and truly affirms: "**We are bankrupting the world just as surely by attaching a cumulative power to capital, as though we were levying a progressive tax on industry to remunerate the ocean for its uses to commerce.**"***

In other words, th[illegible] form of trade or speculation is [illegible]; and the teaching of profit-making to the children of the church by ministers, Sunday School Superintendents and others in the name of Christ is blasphemy against God and direct prostitution of the church to the service of mammon.

Let every true man and woman protest vigorously against this poisoning of young minds with pagan anti-Christian principles.

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*Between Eras, page 245.
**Ibid, page 337.
***Ibid, page 343.

THE TRIANGLE

Editor Christian Socialist,
Dear Comrade:

The principles of the Socialist thought are permeating the literature of all publications, at least all those that are taking part in forming the thought of the people.

The Triangle is a monthly publication coming from Ruskin, Florida. Coming from a college town and printed by college students it is one of the hopeful signs of the times that its editors and contributors grasp fully the importance of economic changes that are now taking place.

Laying emphasis on the fact that there is something in Christianity that has never yet been tried in the world, it leads by natural steps to the great basic facts of Socialism. From the trinity of "Head, Heart, and Hand," it gets its name The Triangle, and teaches from the new viewpoint of sociologic, economic, literary and industrial reforms in a way quite convincing and masterly. The methods of Ruskin College receive considerable attention in The Triangle.

A sample copy will be mailed to any one sufficiently interested to write to the publishers.

Fraternally yours,
BEACON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
By Admer D. Miller, Business Manager.

Twenty-five copies of Thompson's "Christian Elements in the Socialist Movement," $1.00. Single copy, 10c.

FARMER WOODROW'S CRUELTY

A Plea fo[illegible]ocracy in Place of Pigocracy

By Rev. James L. Smiley

The Old-Woman-Who-Lived-In-A-Shoe had been the wife of more than a score of husbands in succession, when she married a strenuous man named Theodore. Now it so happened that the old woman had a fine breed of hogs which she was fattening for exhibition at the County Fair. The new husband admired the fine stock, but strongly suspected that the corn which went to the hogs was mostly taken from the children's allowance. At any rate, he used to sit on the edge of the pen and throw stones and stunning epithets at the fattest hogs.

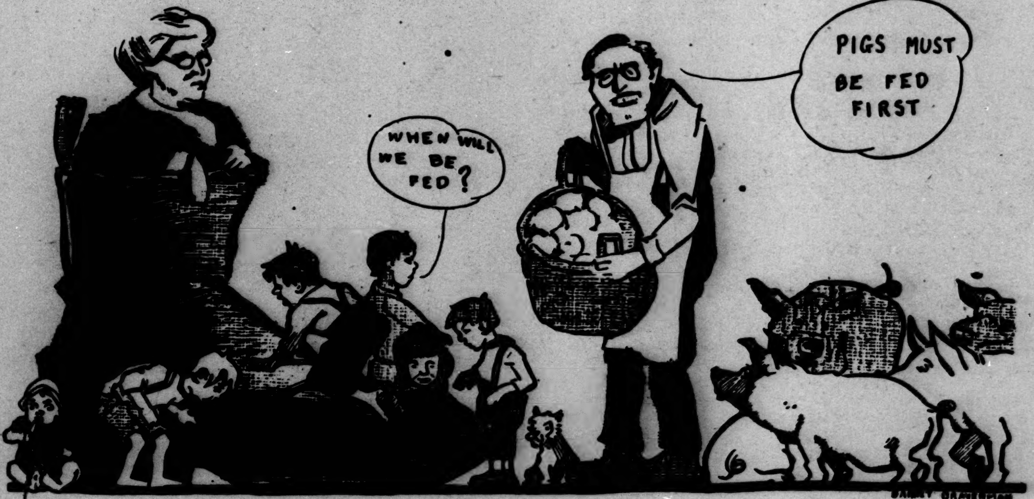
The next husband, William by name, was a corpulent man and loved corpulent creatures. Consequently he would stand pat on the outside of the pen (for he couldn't climb like his predecessor) and gloat over the beautiful specimens of hog flesh. Sometimes when great armfuls of corn were being tossed to the porkers, the hungry children would look on [illegible] expressions, and once one su[illegible] courage to ask: "W[illegible]

With a look of supreme tenderness and a voice choked with tears, step-father William replied, "God knows."

The poor, emaciated children, almost a hundren (-million) in number, told each other to have patience anyhow; for when these fat porkers would be killed, all the children would have an abundance of meat; their hope lay in a change of step-fathers.

Then a farmer named Woodrow married this much-mamma widow. To him the children pleaded for the slaughter of the hogs which had been so greedily devouring the family's corn. Farmer Woodrow expressed his cordial sympathy for the children and denounced the fat hogs so unsparingly that the children expected a great feast of pork and hominy. They eagerly watched the new stepfather go to the corn house himself, they listened with happy plaudits when he declared that the corn should no longer go to the big hogs, but what was their surprise and chagrin when he started off in another direction and threw the corn to a large herd of little pigs which he had brought as a dowry to the widow.

The consequence was a two-fold cruelty—the fine, large hogs, which had fattened for slaughter, began to waste away, and the children continued to be shamefully underfed. The only creatures to profit by Farmer Woodrow's coming were the little pigs, with the prospect that they, too, would grow up to follow the same life-history as the big hogs. However, strange as it may sound, the now half-starved big hogs began to endorse Farmer Woodrow, for, as they whispered confidentially among themselves, half-rations were better than slaughter, and little pigs had better be fed than little children. And thus pigdom scored a new victory and will continue triumphant until the children get together and elect a new step-father who will prefer humanity to bestiality and will inaugurate democracy in place of pigocracy.


WHEN WILL WE BE FED?
PIGS MUST BE FED FIRST

What "They" Say

REPORTS and COMMENTS

By Charl[illegible] L. Breckon

The following are brief statements culled from letters received by the **Christian Socialist**. They breathe a most inspiring spirit and indicate the faith of the readers in the paper as a propaganda medium. The **Christian Socialist** is deserving of a wide circulation, because of the lasting results its careful reading will produce. Introduce the paper to your friends by securing them as subscribers **now**. In no other way can more pleasing results be obtained:

C. F. Brough, financial secretary of the **Socialist** Club at Amesbury, Mass., says: "We had a few articles from your paper read at the last club meeting the boys were immensely pleased. **The preacher here admitted the Socialists were doing much good work.**"

J. B. Lerch, Bangor, Pa.: "Send me 100 copies quick. **The paper is unexcelled for propaganda work.**"

M. L. Shofner, Pollok, Tex.: "I take seven Socialist papers, but the **Christian Socialist** tops them all."

H. Moorman, Louisville, Ky., one of the strong, loyal and old time supporters of the **Christian Socialist**, becomes a stockholder in the company. This is real co-operation.

Axel F. Nelson of California, sends $5.00 for ten yearlies to preachers. This is a center shot—like priest like people. **Get the preacher right.** Make them regular readers of the **Christian Socialist.**

L. K. Holmes, Allegan, Mich., sends in an order for extra copies and expresses keen appreciation of the reception accorded him on a recent visit to this office.

Mrs. R. L. Eustace, of Texas, says: "I have been a better Catholic since I became a Socialist; I cannot be a true Roman Catholic without being a Socialist."

Thos. H. Lawrence, Stockton, Cal.: "The Christian Socialist is the best propaganda paper published."

Mrs. C. Donahue, Arlington, Wash.: "I am a Catholic, a Socialist and a party member. **I do not think anyone can be a true Christian and not be a Socialist.** I see something far greater and better in Socialism than any paper has ever preached."

Rev. A. Ehrgott, San Francisco: "The Christian Socialist is doing a brave and far-reaching work in [illegible] Christian Socialists [illegible] Christian permeating non-Christian Socialists [illegible] ideals and non-Socialist Christians with Christian Socialist ideals."

If the last issue edified you while you read its glowing columns, share your joy with your friends by sending them copies of the paper. They will love you and praise you for it.

THE WASTE BASKET AND THE FURNACE

By Rev. James L. Smiley

"Here you are again," roared the Furnace, angrily, as he shot fiery glances at the visitor. "Why are you always bringing such heaps of trash to me?"

"Because," meekly replied the Basket, "I have no where else to dispose of it. Please consume it."

"Such piles of catalogues, booklets and circulars are not fit for my digestion." And the Furnace roared so hotly that the poor Basket drew back in terror. "I was made to consume only wood and coal; other stuff impairs my efficiency," and his furiously heated breath scorched the visitor most rudely.

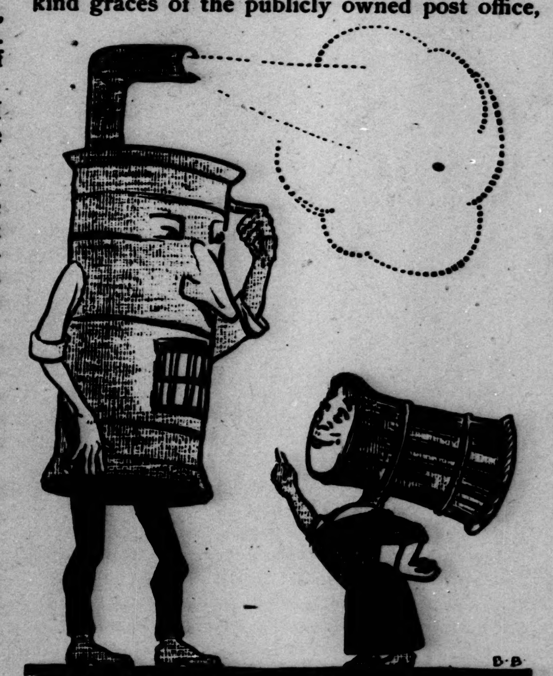
"I am very sorry to impose upon you, my dear friend. You are naturally very warm-hearted, and it pains me to trouble you so often. But what am I to do?" and the Basket staggered nervously under the great weight of its contents.

"Well," said the Furnace more kindly, "your life certainly is a burden. But why does your master cram you so mercilessly?"

"It isn't his fault," rejoined the Basket "Every mail brings him so many advertisements in this form that he simply is compelled to dump them into me. He can't possibly read them nor save them."

"There must be some explanation of this absurdity."

"There is," asserted the Basket with renewed courage; "I have learned from the mas[illegible]s remarks that commercial competition is criminally wasteful. In the mad rush for business patronage, men are publishing carloads of advertising matter and then, through the kind graces of the publicly owned post office, they are deluging the country with their catalogues and pamphlets. Why, he says that the money spent in advertising in the United States alone would support a million families."



"Shameful and most absured extravagance!" roared the Furnace, growing hotter with indignation. "It means suffering for you and me and millions of human beings. Is there no way to exhibit to men their stupidity?"

"Yes, yes," cheerily replied the Basket. "My master says that a system of sound political economy is fast gaining favor, which will establish a Co-operative Commonwealth and thereby abolish competition.

"Then catalogues and price-lists, worth preserving, will be issued by the Government and I will no longer be the receptacle for anything but scraps of paper for which I was originally created."

"Good!" assented the Furnace with a roar of enthusiasm. "Then we shall each be properly fed, and so will every human soul. God speed that happy day!"

"Amen," replied the Basket with fervor.—From Public Ownership, Baltimore.

"Jesus and the Class Struggle," "The Parable of the Talents" and now "The Mark of the Beast" make a trinity of propaganda power whose worth it is difficult to estimate. Circulate the paper if you would win social justice.

GO SOUTH

Congressman A. F. Lever of South Carolina affirms his faith that if Horace Greeley were alive today he would say: "Go South, young man!"

Lever tries to lift Northern people to a high state of enthusiasm for the South as the coming agricultural region by his glowing accounts of what may be raised there.

How different your life would have been if you had only had the **Christian Socialist** ten years earlier. Make the life of your neighbors different by soliciting them to become readers NOW.

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EDITOR
Rev. Edward Ellis Carr, Ph. D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

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THE SOCIALISTS

By John Arnold Keyes

Ye Yoemen
Thy foemen are here,
Each crossing his shield
With his spear.

Rich armor emblazoned with gold
Before ye behold.
Thy pebbles are smooth
That ye took from the brook,
And will fit to the slings
That ye hold.

Then fear not these giants
Who stand with their cruel demand.
Do not quail, step forth!
Ye are knights of the race
And this is the time and the place
Thine arms shall not fail.

GOOD PROSPECTS

At three of the larger cities of America where no Fellowship Centers have existed. there are good prospects of organizing soon. Also in Florida, where Mr. and Mrs. Carr are to work for several weeks, there are hopes of a few centers in the larger towns.

CHICAGO CENTER

At the Meeting of the Chicago Center of the Christian Socialist Fellowship held Sunday afternoon, January 25, Rev. A. F. Glover and Mr. Charles L. Breckon made inspiring addresses. Four new members were received, including Rev. Glover, who is a talented young Methodist minister of the Colorado Conference sojourning in Chicago for special study and experience in sociological work in connection with the Y. M. C. A.

The election of officers for the current year resulted in the following:

Vice-President, Charles L. Breckon.
Secretary, Mrs. Ella Carr.
Treasurer, Edward Hvale.
President, Harvey P. Moyer.

RICHMOND CENTER

The Center of the Christian Socialist Fellowship at Richmond, Va., organized as a result of Comrade Carr's lectures there in November, has begun work that promises much good. There are three ministers who are members, and that provides speaking talent when openings occur in churches. A letter to the preachers full of suggestion, has been prepared by the secretary, Mrs. Kathryn Spiers. A small "lending" library has been started by the Center, and systematic efforts are being made to get preachers and other church workers to read Socialist books. Also fifty three-month Christian Socialist sub-cards have been ordered. All this makes an excellent beginning for the new Center, and we congratulate the comrades there; for Richmond will soon feel the force of the Socialist movement if they keep this sort of work going.

The one best means to make a Socialist of a man is to make him a reader of the paper. Circulate the **Christian Socialist** and read the result at the next election.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

Unless the writer is greatly mistaken then all the feast of good things that The Christian Socialist has been giving its valiant readers has been quite surpassed in the issue of February 1, in the leading article, "The Mark of the Beast."

All honest Biblical students will rejoice in the clear and noble exposition that Comrade Carr has made. The way he **has drawn out** and **given the true meaning** of words and phrases heretofore shrouded in darkness and mysticism, is most inspiring.

How the article cleans up the Rent, Interest and Profit proposition. You can now understand the First Beast and the part the Second Beast plays in the awful tragedy of human life. The revolutionary character of the prophecies of the Bible nowhere are more astoundingly portrayed than in the wonderful declarations made in the book of Revelation. Surely the "last days" are close upon us. Let us be up and doing.

If this splendid edition of The Christian Socialist could but reach every minister and every layman in this fair land of ours the dragon commercialism would then be no more. Every person who has given thought to organized propaganda knows that **only like can teach like**—that only Biblical students can reach church members. The millions of people in the church in this country think and move and have their being in terms of the Bible. This is the seat of their lofty ideals. From this comes their enthusiasm that makes for the zealot and the martyr—for he would die at the stake rather than yield a sentence of the things that seem as truth to him.

The Christian Socialist is the best possible propaganda medium to reach the church people and teach them the great economic truths of Socialism and the Bible. It comes talking a language they understand; it knows their psychology and breathes the spirit of revolt and social justice.

The church people number in this country 60 per cent of the population, who, with their organization power must become attached to the great Socialist propaganda. If they are with us victory is sure; without them defeat is as certain.

In what channel can the Crusaders of today find a more efficient means to accomplish results than in the placing of a copy of this paper in the hands of hundreds of thousands of church people, who are hungering and thirsting to know the truth.

It is not at all a question of what we may or may not believe in as propagandists so much as it is a question of what those people whom we would reach believe in—how they can be made to see the light.

If each of the thousands of readers of The Christian Socialist will get this matter on their conscience and send in a flood of orders for this edition, they will make their effort and money buy greater results than in any other possible way.

When you read these lines act. **Get new subscribers!** They can be had for the asking. Order some extra copies for **free distribution.** Remember, for 2c per name we will mail copies of the paper direct to all whose addresses you will give. **Send in a big list.** Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in and partake of the water of life freely.

CHAS. L. BRECKON.

"Heaven and Our Sainted Loved Ones"

Is the title of a little pamphlet of a very tender character and believing that the circulation is a good Samaritan service, we gladly make the following note:

The motto of the little book is this: "The most practical thing in Christian work is to create good feeling in a troubled heart," and if you have loved ones who have gone beyond you will appreciate this little pamphlet probably more than anything else of the kind you have ever read. You can get it for ten cents by addressing the Western Christian Union, Boonville, Mo.

MARYLAND—ATTENTION

All readers of the Christian Socialist in Maryland are cordially urged to become workers in the Fellowship.

There is a great deal of Socialist sentiment in our midst, but it does not become effective until put into practical working order. "Be ye doers of the word," says St. James, "and not hearers only."

At present we have three centers in the State, viz.: Baltimore, Howard Park and Annapolis. The Baltimore center meets at the Central Young Men's Christian Association; the Howard Park (suburban) in the several homes of its members, and Annapolis meets in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce.

We want more workers and more centers distributed over the State. Let Maryland maintain her reputation for chivalry in this respect. I shall be glad to consult with any who has a mind to work.

Very respectfully,
(Rev.) JAMES L. SMILEY,
State Secretary for the Christian Socialist Fellowship.
Annapolis, Md.

Every copy of the "Mark of the Beast" that you can get into hands of a new reader will make a friend for the cause.

MAY SECURE PEACE FOR WHOLE WESTERN HEMISPHERE BY EXTENDING THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

A new plan for international conciliation, peculiarly applicable to the United States and to Latin-American countries, has been laid before the President and the Secretary of State and will soon be submitted to Congress. The author is Mr. Sidney A. Witherbee, an American who has lived in Mexico for several years. His plan provides for a treaty between all the republics by which the Latin-American countries may be placed on an equal footing with the United States in upholding the Monroe Doctrine; a prohibition against territorial acquisitions by conquest or force on the part of any of them; a tribunal before which all disputes may be heard and settled, and joint action on the part of all to repel foreign invasion.

In detail, the proposed policy is as follows:

(1) The unification of all Western Hemisphere republics in an all-American policy of mutual protection and peace, substituting the Monroe Doctrine.

(2) The making of all American States parties to instead of subjects of this policy.

(3) The agreement of each republic separately and collectively henceforth never to seek to acquire by conquest or force the territory of any other.

(4) The creation of a Pan-American Peace Tribunal, organized upon a basis of equal representation from each republic, regardless of strength or population.

(5) The adjudication before this tribunal of all differences or claims of any one American republic against any other and of all disputes arising from revolutions within the boundaries of any one republic, the verdict here rendered to be supreme and final.

(6) Concerted action between all forces for purposes of preventing foreign invasions.

The proposition is interesting in view of the recent statements made by Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, who was minister to Argentine under the Taft administration. He says (to quote the Boston Transcript), "for its uses to [illegible]ine Republic must be re[illegible]oned with in all [illegible] that the Argen[illegible]ure [illegible] In other words, th[illegible]uld invite Latin-America to participate with us in the responsibility and developments of the Monroe Doctrine. And if an occasion for armed intervention in this hemisphere arises he believes we should invite the participation of those other countries which are just as much concerned as ourselves in the result.

"The Argentine, Mr. Sherrill says, is as well governed as the United States. Its capital is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It publishes a newspaper so cosmopolitan in its character that it presents its 200,000 readers with two and one-half pages of cable news each day. Out of that city one may ride for 18 hours on a fast express over a country as smooth as a tennis court, with soil to a depth of 30 feet. And the Argentine is as large as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi.

"Such a people are destined to constitute one of the great nations of the world. With what propriety can the United States exclude that republic now and henceforth, from consultation in the development of Pan-American policies? We may be a little nearer Mexico than is the Argentine, but in the ties of race and of language, the Argentine is undoubtedly nearer than we are. How can our statesmen be so blind as not to see that we must adjust our doctrine that has come down from Monroe to the changed conditions of this century and that the chief of the adjustments must be a suitable recognition in the exercise of supervisory powers on this hemisphere of other American republics?"

CHOOSES SOCIALISTS

The Countess of Warwick, who continues to shun society, is a patron of the church at Thaxted. She has appointed a Socialist friend, the Rev. Conrad Neel, rector. The appointment carries a residence and a living.

The rector's tithes amount to about $2,000 yearly. Neel is a preacher of power and originality.

For years he has written and spoken on behalf of Socialism. The people of Thaxted are wondering whether he will preach Socialism from his pulpit. Another church on the Countess of Warwick's estate is held by the Rev. E. G. Maxted, another Socialist.

WHITE SLAVERY

By UNCLE IKE,

Author of "Uncle Ike's Ideas"

Yes, your sermon on ol' Sodom and the weakness of ol' Lot
Sort o' set my wits a buzzin' 'bout some things I'd most forgot;
An' I called to mind the Scripter onter which you didn't dwell,
How Lot offered up his daughters* to them wretched ghouls o' hell.

An' I've been a sort o' wonderin' why you shied at that 'ere verse;
An' I've thot the reason might be that we're doin' somethin' worse
Right here in our land o' churches, schools, an' colleges an' sich;
We're a murderin' souls an' bodies jist to make white slavers rich.

But you say that you're agin 'em, and they all deserve to hang;
But when shootin' spooks on Sundays you don't give 'em ary bang,
Fear you'll hit ol' Deacon Skinner and his bank that goes their bail,
When them Rescue Mission workers git too hot erpon their trail.

An' for fear old Elder Grinder's shacks down there in Rotten Row
Might somehow be unproductive if white slavery should go;
Which might make the church debt bigger an' your salary more slim;
O, I understand it, Parson, why you dodge offendin' him.

Then, if you would tell the reason why our precious daughters fall
It would damn our rotten "system" and that wouldn't do at all;
For the system builds the churches an' the colleges an' schools;
So they must support the system an' become its willin' tools.

Parson, it's the same ol' story that the Hebrew Scripters tell;
Greed an' graft an' vile oppression always make our earth a hell;
This was the great sin o' Sodom,** 'cordin' to the sacred Word;
"Pride and fullness, while the needy's cry for bread was never heard."

So salvation of the people can't be got by fighting spooks—
Sin, depravity an' demons writ about in sacred books;
Nor by teachin' the atonement made by Jesus once for all;
Nor repentance an' conversion as the cure for Adam's fall.

Rent an' Interest an' Profit, not the grave an' death an' hell,
Are the foes that call for fightin' 'cordin' to ol' Moses' tell;
An' your church must git at somethin' more than jist to pray an' shout;
It must lose its job unless it helps to cast them demons out.

*Gen. 19:4-8.
**Ezek. 16:49.

ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM BALTIMORE

The following letter was received from Comrade C. [illegible], Baltimore, and indicates something of the lasting work done there on the visit of Comrade Carr to that city. There can be no doubt that the people are ready for the message of Socialism. There remains only the necessity of laying hold of the means at hand and giving an ever wider circle of readers to the Christian Socialist:

"I received my copy of the Christian Socialist a few days ago and am delighted to learn that the future prospects are so encouraging for this best of all Socialist papers.

"I send inclosed $13.50 money order in payment for twenty-seven yearly subs, as per list of names. It affords me extreme pleasure to do this for you and this paper, because I realize the mighty power and influence it is wielding through your heroic, self-sacrificing efforts to Christianize the great, irresistible, overwhelming Socialist Movement here in America.

"My little book, to which I referred when you were here, will soon be in print. I will send you a copy for your review. I believe it will help to make Socialists of the working class, on whom the success of the movement depends.

"My personal contact with you while here in Baltimore caused me to become much attached to you. Men of your type are my heroes, my ideals and you certainly gave this safe, sane and conservative town a violent shock; an awakening unto real, practical righteousness, from which they will never recede, I trust.

"I have heard more discussion about Social Justice here in Baltimore, both in pulpit and press, since your wonderful addresses were delivered. This is a hopeful sign.

"My prayers are for you, your family and the cause for which we are struggling.

"May these few words be to you encouragement to stand steadfast with the great galaxy of Gospel Messengers and prophets. Of such the poet wrote when he penned these lines:

"There are those who beat down slander,
Envy, hatred and all wrong,
Who would rather die than pander
To the passions of the strong;
For no earthly power can crush them,
They are conquerers of fate.
Neither fear nor favor hush them,
These alone are truly great."

The United States Government is even more paternalistic than the New Zealand Government to some of its citizens; the bankers, for instance. Certain favored banks are taken care of very nicely, thank you! Until Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo made his new ruling last summer the government had been in the habit of turning over to certain favored banks such funds as it had on hand not needed for immediate use, free of charge, for them to lend for "what the traffic would bear," or invest as they saw fit. Mr. McAdoo required them to pay 2 per cent interest, and one New York bank was so independent that it refused to pay even that much for the use of government money, which means that the banks can get all of other people's money they want for nothing. It is different, however, when any of us want an accommodation from a bank. Even the Postal Savings Bank is simply an agency to collect the small change of the people, which is comparatively expensive to handle, and turn it over to the bankers in large sums.

News and Views

By WM. H. WATTS

A writer in the **Labour Leader**, of England, states that Great Britain has 3,800 miles of canals, of which about 1,700 miles belong to the railroad companies. The railroad companies have selected their canal property "so adroitly as to strangle the whole of the inland water traffic." As a consequence the canals are chocked with weeds and mud or blocked by accumulations of sand and rubble, and the people are compelled to move their freight by rail and pay the exhorbitant charges of the railroad companies

Our own railroad companies have played a similar game. A favorite trick of theirs is to buy up every available dock site in the large cities so that no barge or steamer can find a landing except by paying toll to the railroads. Nationalization of the means of transportation is the only thing that can again restore the traffic on our inland waterways.

* * *

Capt. Inch, of the Volturno, proved himself every inch a man; and so, it appears, did every member of his crew; but what shall we say of the stockholders of the company? Was it men or devils that packed 657 human beings into a ship on top of such a cargo as the following:

90	drums, 740 casks of various oils,
1189	bales of peat moss,
125	drums, 207 casks of chemicals,
1	case of celluoid plates,
559	casks, 1003 cases of wines,
310	cases of gin and other liquors,
490	packages of straw envelopes.
160	bales of burlap,
278	bales of rags,
6	cases of cottons.

There is no economic necessity for carrying freight and passengers on the same steamer, but there is dividends in it, and it is dividends, not service, that capitalist corporations operate ships for.

* * *

The **Labour Leader**, of England, in discussing the mine disaster at Senghenydd, in which 434 miners lost their lives, claims, and proves it by quotations from various authorities on mining, including the British Inspector of Mines, that every loss of life in a mine is caused by the greed of the stockholders in not providing proper measures of safety. It seems to be well established that a mine can be made as safe to work in as a hay field. It is a hard thing to say, but practically every miner who loses his life in a mine is murdered by the stockholders of the company. The capitalists have proved themselves utterly unfit to manage industry, and have forfeited all moral right to compensation, if they ever had any.

* * *

The Illinois Manufacturers' Association is sending out a letter to employers that begins thusly:

"Is it purely accidental that the national headquarters of the American Federation of Labor are at Washington, and that the headquarters of the various state federations are located at their respective state capitals? Is it purely accidental that all of our economic and social questions are being solved along lines that have a distinctly pro-labor bias?"

No, gentlemen, it is not accidental, any more than it is accidental that you maintain a lobby at Washington and the various state capitals to defeat the efforts of organized labor to secure legislative protection of their own interests and to secure favors for yourselves. How successful has been your "pernicious activity" is shown by an item in the New York Call which enumerates seven "social service" measures that have been held up by Congress for years, sometimes passed by one house and sometimes by the other.

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The Quadrennial Report of the Coroner of Cook County, Illinois, comes to hand and we quote the following:

"While the street railway companies during the last four years have done much toward educating the people on their personal safety and taken proper precautions for the prevention of accidents, still the fact remains that a large proportion of the fatal accidents belong to the order of preventable casualties. They could and would have been avoided if the traction companies had provided proper facilities for transportation.. Fifteen per cent of the deaths during the above period due to falling off cars and seven per cent in which the victims were killed alighting or boarding cars are directly attributable to overcrowding."

Yerkes used to say, "The money's in the straps;" but his heirs and assigns have beat that. They pack people into the cars, men and women together, so tight that they cannot possibly fall down, and then they don't have to hang on to the straps. And the company is called a Public Service!!! (?) corporation.

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The **Florida Beacon** remarks that organization for the purpose of marketing, of carrying and delivering the products of the soil to the consumers, is to be the next line in advance in bringing about justice and greater prosperity for the people of this nation.

A year ago the farmers of Michigan got 40 cents a bushel for potatoes that cost the people of Indianapolis from $1.60 to $2, though the cost of freight and delivery was only 35 cents. Even the 35 cents was robbery. When it costs nearly as much to carry potatoes a few miles on the railroad as it does to plow, plant, cultivate, dig, clean, sort, pack and ship them the opponents of Socialism had better keep still about the extravagance and inefficiency of the public service. It is claimed that $8,000,000 worth of potatoes cost the people of New York $52,000,000 for freight and delivery. Last year Florida tomatoes cost the northern consumer just six times what the southern grower got for them.

AMONG THE BOOKS

Organized Labor, by A. J. Portenar, is a little book that will interest union laboring men. Mr. Portenar sees that the industrial organization of capitalists makes necessary a corresponding industrial organization of the workers, and advocates the industrial form of union; but he rejects the extreme position of the syndicalists in industry as he does of the Socialists in politics. He [illegible] is a Single Taxer and, evidently, has not discovered the unavoidable diversity of interests between the workers and capitalists and the class struggle over the division of the product of labor.

The central idea of the book is a suggestion for a great co-operative distributing agency, the stock of which is to be owned, not by individuals, but by the labor unions, in order to abolish the profits of middlemen and secure the union market for union made goods. (**Organized Labor**, by A. J. Portenar; 134 pp; $1.00 net; The Macmillan Co., New York.)

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

This is the livest of live questions. Everybody except the millionaires is worried over it. What is the main reason why prices have gone up? Will they continue to rise? How will this whole question of prices affect the well-being of the working class?

Karl Kautsky, recognized by common consent as the ablest Marxian scholar in Europe, has lately written a book which throws a flood of light on this difficult subject. It has been translated into English, with a brief introduction, by Austin Lewis, and is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 118 West Kinzie street, Chicago, under the title, "The High Cost of Living." It is a handsome cloth-bound volume, uniform with their "Library of Socialist Classics," and the price, including postage, is fifty cents. Order of the **Christian Socialist**.

The same publishers have recently brought out a stenographic report of a debate between Tom Mann, the revolutionary labor agitator whose name is a terror to the capitalist employers of Great Britain and Australia, and Arthur M. Lewis of Chicago, on the question of political action. Tom Mann maintained "that economic organization is sufficient and political action unnecessary to the emancipation of the working class," Lewis taking the negative. Price, in paper cover, with portraits of the debaters, 25 cents. Order of the **Christian Socialist**.